

Damon By Alphabetical B Chapter 21

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Damon's POV

The arena was occupied with more people than I imagined. I thought this was going to be something private. I never expected the news to have spread so fast to almost everyone that lived in the pack.

As I was standing in the middle of the arena waiting, I turned to look around me and saw the faces of the people, both young and old wolves, ready to watch a disgraceful fight of a father and his son.

It was a fight for my father to prove one more time that he was in control of who I am but this time, I won't sit back to watch him do what he wants because if I did, I'll be losing Lyla and I can't afford for that to happen.

A neighboring pack's Beta was standing at the corner, watching me and pulling at his beards at the same time. I stared at him with curiosity wondering why the Beta would decide to turn up for something like this.

His pack, Hollow grave, is a nightmare to many werewolves. Their Alpha is a brute who derives joy in killing, r***** women, and using their children to transport drugs across countries.

I've never had a one on one encounter with the Alpha but from the things I heard, those werewolves under him needed saving.

"Damon,"

I turned and saw Tunde gesturing at me, with worry on his face.

"What's wrong?" I asked him.

"You're in danger," he said silently, trying not to draw too much attention to us. No more words were needed, I knew my father wouldn't call for a fight just to disgrace himself out there.

He had a plan all along.

"Keep the girls safe. No matter what happens, keep them safe"

His eyes went wide once he properly processed my request. I'd given him an indirect order not to protect me by staying around here. He should go back to my place and keep both our mates safe.

My house is far from the packhouse, pack life, and every other thing related to this pack. I wanted it to be that way because I never wanted to concern myself with things since I was not their Alpha.

“Don’t die just yet. I still have to beat your a** up someday”

I smirked. He turned and left the arena immediately.

I heard murmuring as my father entered the arena, his Beta, Gamma, and b****, Alexa all lined up after him, walking into the arena one after the other.

My father paused to talk with the Beta of Hollow grave, they shook hands and smiled at each other as if something good was about to happen.

Alexa walked up to me, smiling like the s*** that she was.

“Long time no see, Damon” She kissed my cheek. I pretended she didn’t exist and refused to react to anything she would say.

“How have you been, little boy?”

She teased.

“The last time I remember, this little boy had you up against the library shelf while he banged the life out of you, remember?”

Her face turned red at the embarra**ing event.

I just turned sixteen at that time and she just won’t stop being obsessive about me. We had an agreement that I’ll f*** her so she’ll get me out of her mind even though she was my father’s girlfriend. While we were at it in the library, my father walked in, almost destroyed the library in a rage but ended up slashing my face with his claws, and there it got birthed, the hideous mark on my face.

“Best of luck today, loser. It’s such a pity I won’t be seeing your handsome face again”

“I bet you won’t” I spat on the floor as she walked away.

Good riddance I cursed under my breath.

Something flashed across my eyes and for a moment, Lyla came into my thoughts. She was sleeping when I left home this morning. I smiled when I remembered how she clutched to me when I tried getting up. I had to force myself to remove her hand from my shoulder.

“Is that a smile on your face? That’s the first time I’ll ever see you smile, Damon” My father’s voice pulled me out of my thoughts.

“Do you like it? Because that’s the smile I’ll give to the visitors at your funeral” I replied.

"You plan on killing your old man, son. I taught you to be fearless, not to be a killer" he removed his shirt and I did the same.

The fight would start soon and I was born ready for this.

"Don't believe that. Anyone who hears you talking would think you brought me up to do anything else but kill"

He smiled, "isn't that right?"

"I wouldn't smile right now if I were you"

"If you kill me right in front of my pack, do you think they'll accept you as their Alpha?"

"Did you see me accepting to lead them either?"

"Don't make the people hate you more by fighting me in front of the same people you are scared to transform in their presence"

I swallowed the growl that was threatening to rip out of my throat.

"Surrender Damon and that b**** you're protecting will live"

"Over my dead body"

"Very well then. I'll be sure you watch from the grave as I f*** her over and over before tossing her body right into the ca*** where b*****es like her belongs" He threatened.

Everything became blurry at that moment as I was consumed with anger. Mentioning Lyla's name had released the beast from its cage.

My wolf has been on the edge since it met Lyla the other night in the forest. It pushes me to protect her more, and now, when he said those words, it triggered my wolf.

Without fear or restriction, for the first time, I shifted right in front of everyone.

A loud gasp emerged from the mammoth crowd but I didn't care, my target was right in front of me and if I didn't kill him, I wouldn't rest.

I lunged towards Victor as I growled loudly. As he tried running, I pulled him by his leg and dragged him back to the middle of the arena effortlessly.

The leg I held had crushed in between my wolf's hand and I held up my hand to see the blood on it. Victor's face was etched in pain.

Before I could do anything else in that form, I forcefully shifted back and punched Victor in the face as I stood naked in front of everyone present.

If I'd done anything in my wolf form, I would've slightly regretted it in my human form. Even though I had the intention of killing Victor before now, he looked as pitiful as ever and that was enough for me.

I bent down to his level, lifted his face so I could look at him eye to eye.

"The next time you try to hurt Lyla, I wouldn't hesitate to kill you. This is your second chance, I won't promise you that there'll be a third" I dropped him back on the floor.

"You lost Damon," He started laughing hysterically.

A loud noise from behind me made me turn and I watched as a person, a girl, was held by the hair and chained to the legs and hands. She was struggling to get herself free and at that point, she lifted her head and her eyes met mine.

Lyla!

In pain, I growled out as she was pushed towards Alexa.

I tried moving as soon as Alexa brought out a pocket knife but I realized I couldn't. I was chained by the legs.

"Surrender to death, Damon" A voice hissed in my ear.

"Or she dies" It was the Hollow grave's Beta I'd seen earlier.

He held me by the neck, suffocating me.

"The plan was to get rid of me, right?" I asked, struggling to get free even though my hands were chained.

"Right from the moment when you were born but your stupid mother kept on getting in the way. Oh, the joy I had when her heart was ripped out of her chest"

I kept my eyes fixated on Lyla and every time those tears ran down her face, my heart got crushed.

"The same joy I'll have to rip your heart out" I held on to his hand that was around my neck, struggled to pull it off "That's if you ever get to"

"What are you waiting for? Kill me" I taunted.

“Of course I will, after which I’ll kill that b**** too but before you die, I’m curious about something, is she your mate?”

I kept mute. I was like a time bomb, waiting for the right moment to explode.

“Surrender and you’ll live Damon”

Live a miserable life. Live a life where I’ll be easily controlled and manipulated like the rest of the people. Live a life of silence as I’ve always done without knowing when I’ll be killed or why I’ll be killed.

“Kiss your mama up there when you see her”

A knife was stabbed into my stomach and I screamed out at the pain. I didn’t need to be told, it was silver.

The Beta had moved back and at that moment, I touched the spot with every strength left in me and looked at my blood in my hands.

Whenever it gets too difficult to escape, make sure you draw blood from yourself, it enrages your wolf

Everything became dark, my vision, my senses became blocked.

Before losing my consciousness, I turned to Victor who was already being held up by the Beta, and smirked, “You thought I was done?”

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Damon’s POV

“D,” A tiny voice called out to me, forcing me to open my eyes. In front of me was a girl as tiny as her voice, she was wearing a floral print dress, her hair bouncing around her as she took off like a kite, running around a garden of flowers and laughing.

Suddenly she stopped laughing and brought out a flower from behind her, stretched it out to me. I collected the flower from her and smiled back at her for more than seconds.

“Stop smiling, Damon. You’re freaking us out”

I opened my eyes at the sudden interruption. Even though my vision was blurry at first, it, later on, became clear as I saw Tunde and the pack’s doctor looking at me worriedly.

“I’m not gonna die” I hissed as I sat up on the hospital bed I was sleeping on previously.

I'd woken up the previous night to unclear memories and flashes of events that I can't string together to make into one memory. Since the whole place was dark with just a faint scent of Lyla, I slept back.

"We weren't worried about that. We were worried because you were smiling"

"I didn't smile"

"Of course you didn't, Alpha" Dean, the pack's doctor sarcastically responded.

I turned to glare at Dean.

"Don't call me that," I spat.

"We don't have a choice now, Alpha" Tunde responded.

At that point, I was forced to ask about what happened. All I could remember last was seeing those tears in Lyla's eyes as I was chained down and held at the throat by that Beta.

"Where can I find that Beta?" I growled in anger.

Tunde sat in front of me, rubbed his eyes as he usually does anytime he was exhausted.

"You can't find him because you killed him," he replied.

"What?"

"As your Gamma, can I speak?" Dean asked.

"Who appointed you as Gamma? I'm no Alpha" I yelled.

It was normal for Tunde to become the Beta and Dean to become the Gamma but that'll be after I become the Alpha which will never be possible.

"Not after your father disappeared from the surface of the earth" Tunde answered.

"More like he ran away for dear life" Dean chipped in.

"What are you talking about? Wait, where's Lyla?" I asked.

"Traumatized", I guess"

"By what?"

"You" They both replied at the same time

"Someone better start talking before I lose my sanity"

I growled.

"You don't remember what happened,"

"No," I replied quickly

"After the Beta stabbed you, you shifted back but this time, you looked more powerful and dangerous. You killed the Beta, you killed Alexa and about ten of your father's men. You almost strangled Lucas to death also. I don't know how it happened but Lyla kept on crying and begging you to leave him but you didn't. I had to intervene at that point."

"Did I hurt her?" I suddenly asked.

"Do you want the truth?" I nodded

"Yes"

F***! F***!! F***!!

Angrily, I removed the injection from my hand and stood up from the bed.

"Where's she?"

"That isn't important right now, Damon. There are more issues...."

I didn't wait for Dean to finish his words before I pushed him into the wall and grabbed his neck in my hands and lifted him.

"Just because I never brought up that s*** that you did years ago doesn't mean I've forgiven you or forgotten. The next time you dare try to question my authority, I swear to God that I'll snap your neck. Don't you dare try me, Dean? You'll regret it, I promise"

I dropped his body to the floor.

"Where is she?" I asked Tunde.

"I will answer your question only if you calm down first. You can't go out there looking like that, you'll scare the poor girl off again" Once he saw that I wasn't reacting, he pointed to the bed, "sit for a while"

"No! Where's she? Was she here?" I asked again.

He dropped his hands abruptly, meaning he'd tried his best.

"She came here last night to check up on you and yes, she's at your house"

I dashed out of the door and ran as fast as my legs could carry me out of the hospital and towards my house. Many people stopped to bow as I ran past them but I didn't care to bother about them as my thoughts and senses were occupied with a particular girl.

"Lyla," I called out as soon as I entered my house. I stopped pacing when I realized the whole house looked deserted.

"What happened?" Ruth asked.

"What's going on? Why is my house empty?"

"Beta Tunde asked us to move your things to the packhouse" she replied and I believed I cursed Tunde about a hundred times in my head.

"Where's Lyla?" I asked, dismissing the previous issue.

"She's upstairs. Be careful with her"

"Whatever," I replied as I ran past her up the stairs

"Lyla," I called out as I opened the door leading into my room.

Lyla was lying on the bed, pressing a phone and as soon as I walked in, she stood up from the bed and quickly hid the phone behind her.

How long have I been unconscious for things to be so different?

"What are you hiding Lyla," she suddenly moved back as soon as I moved closer to her.

"A phone," she replied silently and truthfully.

"Who gave that to you?" I asked

"Lucas did"

Lucas! ..

"Lucas was here" she nodded.

"When?"

"Two days ago at the arena. He left with Pearl" her voice broke at her own words. I moved closer to her and lifted her face with my finger only to see her eyes filled with tears.

I pulled her into my body as she broke down in tears. I wrapped my hands around her tiny frame and she hugged me back tightly as she sobbed hard.

Holding her so close made me realize just how much I'd missed her and also how much I can't keep her here against her wish.

"You should have gone back with them," I whispered.

She didn't reply. She only kept on crying.

"Enough with the tears Lyla. Do you need me to bring Dean over here so we could force some sleeping pills into your system?" I threatened and that did the magic.

I gently made her sit on the bed while I walked towards my closet.

"Did Tunde force you to stay?" I asked and she looked at me in confusion with those big pretty eyes still red from the tears.

She still didn't say a word. She kept on looking at me.

I walked back towards her and as I attempted to touch her hand, she moved back into the bed.

"Are you scared of me?" I asked.

"No," she whispered.

"Then, come here Lyla," I asked and she began shaking her head furiously..

"You can say anything from over there" she replied.

"Why?" I asked, my hand itching to touch her.

"It's nothing important" she refused.

"Did I hurt you back then?"

"It doesn't matter. It wasn't even you"

"It was me, okay?" She turned to glare at me and I was taken aback.

"I don't understand what happened out there"

A bulb suddenly lit up in my head and I frowned at my thoughts.

"Wait! Did you refuse to leave because you were curious about what happened or because you cared about me?" I asked.

I shouldn't have asked that question because it was obvious that the relationship I had with my mate was not strong enough for her to care about me.

"I just didn't understand what happened and I thought I deserved to know"

f*** me already! I cursed under my breath as I turned to look at her, anger evident in my eyes.

"What do you want to know?" I asked

"Everything" she replied.

"I won't tell you anything because the moment I do, you'll walk out of that door and never look back. I'm giving you the chance to leave while I'm still asking and if you don't, you'll forever regret it" I yelled, already getting angry at the situation.

"I saw you become that big animal right in front of everyone. I think I deserve to know what that was all about"

"Don't push it Lyla" I cautioned her.

"Please Damon"

"Why do you care?"

"That animal saved me when I went outside the other night and if that was you...."

"It'll make hating me difficult, right?" I finished for her.

She remained silent as if she was confirming my a**umption.

I angrily threw away the shirt I was holding in my hand and kicked at the bed several times.

"There's something we call a packhouse here and it's where most of us stay. I'll be moving there anytime soon. If you want to stay, you can go with me and if not, you can go back to your family. I won't hold you back. But if you'll stay, you'll be staying because you want to and not because you want to research about my people, I won't answer any of your questions if you do so I'll advise you to leave before I finally move"

I explained and began walking out of the door. On second thought, I turned, walked towards the door, and held her face in my hand.

“You won’t see me again until you leave”

I dropped my lips on hers, kissing her feverishly. I wished I could make out with her on that bed, my body longed for hers, her smell, her scent messes up my head and I longed so much to mark her right there.

As I tried removing my lips from hers, Lyla pulled me back, kissing me gently. Even though it was hard, I still managed to separate us and walked out of the room angrily.

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[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)
Lyla’s POV

Three days had pa**ed since I last set my eyes on Damon. I don’t know where he disappeared to but the fact remains that I’ve been in this mansion for three days and for those three days, things have been moved, almost everything around here.

“Do you know where I can find Damon?” I asked Ruth for the tenth time.

This sudden attraction that I’m feeling towards Damon is questionable. He had misunderstood me after I asked him about what happened at the arena and I wish to explain myself.

I’d put myself between him and Lucas after he attacked Lucas when he threw a huge log at his head to stop him from killing his father. He only pushed me away from the center of danger and I was grateful he did even though he wasn’t in his human form.

“You will see him at the packhouse today. He’ll be joining us once we move the remaining stuff”

It wasn’t news that Damon was moving back to the ‘packhouse’ as Ruth had informed me two days ago.

“What’s the pack house like?” I asked out of curiosity.

“Damon had forbidden me from answering any questions concerning us. He just wants you to make a decision about what you both discussed. The car would soon be here, get ready”

“Okay! I’ll go get my phone so we can leave”

I was about to walk back up the stairs when Ruth called out my name.

“Why didn’t you leave with your friends?”

Even though Tunde had given me the chance to go with them, I refused. I was actually expecting Pearl to persuade me but she had this huge plea on her face for me to stay.

Lucas said he’d promised Damon not to go back with me but he still had to ask for my decision and when I decided to stay, he gave me the phone and the first person I called was my brother.

“I have a mission to fulfill,” I replied, smiling widely.

“What mission?”

“Love task”

I replied before walking up the stairs to pick up my phone. I also took one of Damon’s shirts with me and wrapped it around the shorts that I was wearing.

I need clothes and I’d told that to my brother even though he insisted on coming over here with the police to arrest everyone instead of my clothes. So, I gave up on that chance.

With the way he had stopped mentioning the police since yesterday, I think Pearl and Lucas had successfully persuaded him about the issue.

“I’m ready,” I called out to Ruth.

“Be ready to meet my people,” she smiled as she placed her hand on my shoulder when we walked towards the car.

We got to the packhouse minutes later and the first thing I noticed was how huge the building was.

“How many people live here?” I asked.

“A lot of families. Damon stays on the last floor. I’ll take you there first”

She did as she promised and as soon as we got out of the elevator, I saw Damon standing in the corner with Tunde, the huge guy who Pearl wanted me to keep an eye on.

“Hi,” I waved at the both of them. Tunde smiled while Damon frowned at his smile before walking away from us.

“Hey Lyla, you look radiant” Tunde complimented me and I blushed.

“Thanks. It’s been a while since I last saw you”

"I've been occupied with my new boyfriend over there," he replied, pointing to Damon.

"How's Pearl?" He suddenly asked.

"She's okay, I guess"

Pearl isn't okay, to be honest. She has been miserable and I was able to get this little information from Her twin sister, Aurora. We've both been pestering her to tell us what went wrong but she kept on denying it and told us both that she was fine.

"Do you need her number?" I said, showing him my phone.

"I have it, thank you" he replied.

"If you need anything, just let me know. I'll do my best"

"Sure"

Tunde left with Ruth and I was left with Damon at his place. He was practically ignoring me by doing every other thing available.

I used that opportunity to look around and saw there was a kitchen right beside the sitting area, a balcony that looked like that of his previous apartment, a study room, and just one room.

One room!

That revelation rang in my head twice.

"Damon," I called out to him in the study room. He didn't respond, he just lifted his head to look at me.

"I'm staying" I informed him.

He nodded nonchalantly and continued arranging the books on the shelves.

I decided to join him to help out.

"Where should I put these?" I asked, showing him a Harry Potter book. I would've talked about it with him but I couldn't, not with his present mood.

"I can fix them. You don't have to do anything" he replied.

"I want to help. If I'll be staying here, I want to help around".

"And I said your help isn't needed, Lyla," he murmured my name.

"Okay," I answered sadly.

I left the study room and decided to check out this packhouse. I reached the first floor and saw some girls talking and laughing. They all looked at me, stopped talking almost at the same time.

At that moment, they started whispering.

"Lyla," Someone suddenly called out to me and I turned to see who it was.

"Ruth," I walked towards her.

"Don't mind them, child. Come help me in the kitchen if you're bored but if you want to look around, I won't stop you"

I refused the latter offer.

"I'll love to help you in the kitchen" I smiled and followed her into the kitchen.

The kitchen was nothing like what I saw in Damon's place but it was still huge and neat.

"Did Damon inform you of tonight's ceremony?" She asked.

"Ceremony?" I asked in response.

"I guess he didn't"

"He's not talking to me at all and I'm still bothered about what I'd done," I confessed. It was nice to actually have someone to talk to.

"Whatever Damon's attitude is towards you, just ignore it. He's not angry at you because of anything you think you did. He's just going through some hard time, okay, dear?" I nodded.

"Can you tell me about it?"

"Do you know anything about werewolves?"

"No, I don't think I do"

"Then, I think that'll be Damon's job," she smiled.

I nodded twice in understanding.

“So, what’s the ceremony all about?”

“It’s more like an inauguration. Damon’s inauguration as—let’s say—community leader” she said.

“But not a community leader, right? But a sort of leader to your people”

She nodded.

“You’re smart, I’ll give you that,” I laughed at her words.

“Have you contacted your parents?” She suddenly asked.

My *demeanor changed at the mention of my parents and I became sad.

“They’re dead and it’s just been me and my brother for a while now. I’ve called him by the way” I replied.

“I’m so sorry to hear about that. What about your grandparents?” She asked.

“It’s nothing to be sorry about. It has been the four of us for as long as I could remember. There have been no grandparents in the picture” I told her

“Would you love to meet my granddaughter? She’s fifteen” I nodded quickly.

“I’ll bring her to meet you later at the ceremony”

I nodded.

She brought out some ingredients and asked which one I could handle. I told her I could perfectly do anything. I love cooking and Henry has taught me a lot about cooking.

Ruth continued telling me stories of her granddaughter as we cooked up a storm. Minutes later, three ladies also joined us in the kitchen. I was expecting them to ignore me but I was surprised when they actually involved me in their conversations.

“Go back upstairs before he starts looking for you, dear” Ruth whispered into my ear.

“I’ll see you later”

“Yes darling”

I washed my hands and walked back to Damon’s place.

I noticed some men in suits waiting at the front door, wearing dark sunglasses, hands folded in front of them.

As I turned to walk, I collided with a wall. I looked up to see a younger version of Damon staring right back at me.

"Are you okay?" He asked, waving in front of my eyes.

"I'm okay"

"Are you sure? Because you appear as if you've seen a ghost"

"I'm fine, thank you" I moved away from him.

"Wow, you smell like roses," he said, suddenly bringing his nose closer to my neck.

What a pervert!

"Thanks" I replied nervously.

"What's your name beautiful?"

"I don't go about telling strangers my name," I replied.

"Just one kiss and I'll no longer be a stranger, Mi favorita"

I quickly found a way to walk away from him before he could act any more strange.

As I got to Damon's room, I heard the shower running and I concluded Damon was using the shower, so I sat on the edge of the bed.

He looked at me for a few seconds after he came out of the shower and I couldn't stop staring at him as well. My eyes traced the water running from his hair down to his eyes, to his chest and I swallowed hard out of embarrassment.

"I heard about a ceremony"

"You don't have to attend," he simply replied.

"Did I do something wrong?"

"It's not you Bunny"

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"With you?" I nodded.

He smirked, "I don't talk to people about my problems. Do you need anything before I leave?"

I shook my head.

He picked up some clothes from his wardrobe and walked back into the bathroom.

I dropped to the bed and groaned loudly out of frustration. I hugged the pillow and groaned the second time.

"Is everything okay,?"

"I need a hug," I cried out before I could control my mouth.

s***! I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't notice he'd walked out of the bathroom and even answered his question subconsciously.

I almost cried out in embarra**ment.

"Come here," he pulled me out of the bed and directly into his body as he wrapped his arms around me.

I relaxed into his body and inhaled his scent, closed my eyes to enjoy the moment.

"Thank you for staying, Bunny," he kissed my hair twice before he started rubbing circles on my waist with his fingers.

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 24

/ [Damon by Alphabetical B](#)
Lyla's POV

"Do you Alpha Damon take this oath of allegiance this day before the goddess to become the leader of this pack?"

Damon was silent for more than seconds looking around the crowd of people that had gathered outside the packhouse to attend this 'inauguration'.

I had planned on not attending but my curiosity got the best of me. So, I stood up from the bed, walked out of the room wearing one of Damon's long white shirts and a short to get mixed up in the crowd.

The moment I walked in, I sighted Damon at the front, he was standing on a podium in front of an older man and Tunde was right behind him. Our eyes met immediately and I quickly retreated to hide behind someone.

The sudden whispering of the crowd brought me out of my thoughts. Damon hasn't yet responded to the question he was being asked and that brought about the confusion of the people.

"Alpha," the man who had asked the question called out.

Damon frowned at the man before I saw Tunde placing his hand on Damon's shoulder and squeezing it lightly.

"Yes," he replied, his voice higher than usual. A loud squeal of joy emanated from the people.

I frowned when a knife was brought out and I watched in horror as Damon's palm was slashed open and at that moment every member standing at that event walked towards the podium.

One by one, they stand in front of Damon, smile on their faces as the older man will slash their palms with different knives for each person and they'll place them on Damon's palm and chant some incoherent words.

I was supposed to be disgusted by the act but I wasn't, I was mesmerized especially when this white and pink globe forms around their jointed palms. The globe was brighter when it was Tunde's turn and I couldn't help the smile that lingered on my face when Tunde smirked at the scowling Damon.

Everyone seemed calm and satisfied about what was going on except Damon who looked forced and angry about everything.

"Hey, you're the new girl," The words and a tap on my shoulder made me turn to see the blondest of all blondes that I've ever seen in my entire life, smiling at me.

"Hi, I think I am" I replied smiling back at her.

"I'm Ashley by the way. Sorry if I startled you"

"No, you didn't. I'm Lyla" I introduced myself.

"It's so beautiful up there, we've waited our whole lives for this" she was talking to herself but when I turned to look at her, she smiled.

"For what?"

"For Damon to stop being so stubborn and become the Alpha he was supposed to be"

She suddenly raised my palm to her face and looked up at me with wide eyes.

"You haven't taken your oath," she said, confusing me.

"What oath?" I asked.

"Oath of allegiance to the Alpha. You understand, right?"

I didn't but to avoid any unnecessary attention to myself, I nodded.

"Good. Now go up there and take your oath" she pushed me slightly by the shoulder.

"I can't" I refused.

"Of course you can. Wait, are you scared of sharp objects?" I couldn't reply without embarrassment.

"Don't worry, it won't hurt. Look, mine is healed already. It won't take up to five seconds for yours as well to heal. We're werewolves remember?"

Wait! What!! They're werewolves. I mean, I've had the assumption for a while but her words confirming it just now made it more confusing.

"I can't really....."

Ashley didn't let me finish my words before she pushed me by the shoulder towards the podium. By the time I got to the small staircase leading up, I froze.

"Don't be scared, he wouldn't kill you" Ashley whispered to my ear.

Almost the same time, Damon whipped his head my way and frowned upon sighting me.

"What is she doing here, Ashley?" Tunde whispered loud enough for the two of us to hear.

"Hey to you too brother" she replied, grinning. I tried finding the similarity between these two people and see how they're related but I couldn't find any.

"Are you high again?"

"I'm normal," Ashley hissed as she responded.

"Do you know what you've done by bringing her here? She's human, idiot"

Ashley gasped at the revelation.

At that time, the whole crowd was looking at us, some were scrutinizing me with their sharp eyes while others were waiting to see what would happen. I guess all

of them are probably wondering about what a stranger was doing in their territory.

A human for that matter.

"I'll take her back" Ashley announced as she grabbed my hand.

"You can't. If you take her back, the people will have questions"

"But she can't*....."

"Enough Ashley, we'll talk about that later" Tunde growled at his sister before he pulled me up the podium to where Damon was.

Damon's eye was still fixated on mine and I couldn't take my eyes off him either. He nodded at Tunde as if he said something to him just now.

The priest asked me to stretch out my hand. I hesitated for a minute, really not ready to see my blood.

Damon held my hand with his other hand and pulled it out towards the man.

I hissed in pain as soon as the knife cut through my skin lightly. Damon held my wounded palm and placed it on his.

As soon as both palms touched, his huge palm engulfing mine, it was as if stars aligned around our hands. This time or wasn't globes; it was stars. I looked around me and I couldn't stop blushing and smiling as the stars multiplied in numbers.

I looked back to see Damon staring at me with amus****t. He wasn't smiling but his eyes were smiling.

"Congratulations Alpha," Was the word that came out from the crowd in my confusion.

Damon removed his palm from mine and the stars disappeared. I pout in disappointment but stopped when Damon brought out a handkerchief and tied it around my opened wound.

"Thank you," I whispered and he nodded, avoiding my gaze.

I walked down the podium to see Ashley blushing like a red tomato as soon as she saw me.

"You're his mate," she squealed.

"His what?" I asked.

"Mate" she repeated.

"I don't know what that is," I replied.

She was silent for a while, thinking about something.

"I don't know how to explain this to you but I'll try, see, a mate is someone who you wanna do that stuff with"

I furrowed my eyebrow, "What type of stuff? Drugs?" I asked suddenly

She glared at me "The stuff couple d...."

"I think you've said enough Ashley" Tunde interrupted.

"You're no fun, Tunde,"

"Good for you to know that. At least I don't go about smoking like a drug lord"

"Maybe you should get yourself a microphone and speaker so you can announce to the world that your sister is a junkie," she said glaring at her brother.

"Don't mind my silly stepbrother, he's too protective for his own good"

The difference between her and Tunde was clear and ever since I learned she was Tunde's sister, I'd wondered how.

"Someone has to protect you or else you'll end up in jail before you're twenty, silly"

Ashley pulled her tongue out at her brother. He threw his hand on her hair and s***tered the perfectly brushed down blonde hair, gaining a scream from Ashley who was fighting off her brother.

The hair at the back of my neck suddenly stood as I felt someone watching me, when I looked around, no one strange was there. No one, in particular, was looking at me. I turned back to the scene in front of me and laughed at the two siblings bickering at each other.

"Let's go" A voice suddenly whispered in my ear. It was Damon standing right beside me.

He gestured for me to walk right in front of him. Without waiting for me to do that, he walked off.

“Goodnight Ashley, Tunde,” I said, waving at the two siblings.

“Goodnight Lyla,” They both chorused.

I quickly walked faster so I could catch up with Damon as he hustles away from the people. He looked at me as soon as I stood beside him right in front of the elevator. I smiled at him and he looked away.

As soon as we got into the elevator, Damon backed me into the wall. His eyes stayed locked on mine, searching my soul. I took that moment to wrap my hand around his waist as I kept on looking at him.

I fisted my hand together at his back as his hand went up to touch my cheek. The moment our skin came into contact, I closed my eyes to enjoy the feeling until I felt his lips on mine.

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 25

[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)
Lyla's POV

The elevator door suddenly opened, making a noise as it did. That sent the both of us in two different directions. I blushed seriously from the amazing kiss we just shared.

We both walked out of the elevator not saying a word to each other. By the time we got into his room, he suddenly removed his shirt.

“What are.....?” I squealed as he picked me up swiftly as if I weighed zero kilogram. He dropped his lips of mine, making me swallow my words instantly as I kissed him back with so much haste and pa**ion.

I wrapped my legs around him and his hand was busy squeezing my a**. I pulled at his hair once his tongue touched mine. I couldn't explain the feeling, it was magical.

It was just as if a part of me, particularly my soul was calling out to him. He gently bit my bottom lip, making me giggle like a child.

He sat on the bed and I wrapped my legs properly around his waist. I placed my hand on his hard chest and wished I could see all of his tattoos. His hand on my a** moved underneath his shirt that I was wearing.

“No bra?” He asked once his hand touched the part under my b***s. His voice was rough and hoarse.

“I don't particularly have any sort of female clothings” I managed to reply.

His fingers were playing with my ribs, rubbing up and down, making me feel feverish.

"I thought I told someone to get you and Pearl some clothes the last time"

"She only took our measurements and brought a few things the next day" I explained and he nodded.

"Tomorrow then, we'll make sure you get closed and not appear before other males without wearing a bra" I frowned at his jealousy.

"What?" I asked.

"Don't want you going about like that, especially with other males around"

"I would if I want to," I stuck my tongue out at him.

His demeanor suddenly changed. There was a sudden shift in the atmosphere that I couldn't understand. He looked nervous all of a sudden.

"I want to take you, I want to make you mine! I want to make love to you until you're breathless" He whispered loud enough for me to hear and process.

I shifted uncomfortable on his lap as I felt a dampness in between my legs. I couldn't look at him in the face anymore.

"Stop moving, Bunny. You're making it worse" he groaned.

"Something is poking me right there, do you have something in your pocket?" I asked, touching the hard object that was poking me.

"Really?" The look he gave me made me realize what I just touched. I just touched him and I thought it was an object.

Gosh!!! I quickly hid my face behind his neck, not wanting to look at him out of embarrassment.

"Do you have any questions you want to ask me? Anything about what you saw tonight?" He suddenly asked, changing the topic and mood.

I nodded.

"What's an Alpha?" I asked.

He kissed my forehead, placed me on the bed, covered me with the bed sheet up to my waist and went on to sit on the small stool in front of the bed. He held his head in his hand and was silent for a few seconds.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to"

"No, I have to. I have to tell you" he replied as if he was convincing himself more than me.

"I'm a werewolf. I mean, everyone out there is a werewolf" I nodded.

"I know. Ashley mentioned it and I've figured that out a while ago even though I never believed it"

"You aren't scared of us" he declared.

"To be honest, I'm a little scared," I confessed. He looked at me with surprise evident in his face.

He quickly recovered from the shock and surprise and smiled at me. I blinked twice to actually confirm that I saw what I saw.

"An Alpha is a leader of a werewolf pack. There are more than Fifty packs in the world right now and all have their Alphas. The t**le get pa**ed on to their Alpha's children once they turn eighteen and it has been that way for centuries"

"Why are you just becoming an Alpha then?" I asked.

"Ask another question Bunny" He dismissed my question.

"Okay. What was that white globe that appeared when those people joined hands with you"

"That was the connection. Each wolf has a connection to their Alpha and that is done through the blood link. It allows for a werewolf thing we call mindlink. It let me talk to a pack member without actually using words with them. Like, I talk to them through my mind"

That explanation only confused me more. I could see Damon's struggle to make me understand what was going on. He's a person of few words and the fact that he's saying this much shows he's trying.

"Why do I hear your thoughts sometimes then? I'm not a wolf like you people" I asked.

"I don't understand that part but it's probably because you're my mate"

"What's a mate? Ashley was explaining but I couldn't get it"

"I didn't know you were friends with Ashley"

"I met her tonight," I answered.

"Be careful around her"

"Why?"

Ignoring my question, he said, "A mate is a wolf's soulmate. The person the goddess has destined a wolf to be with. It could be a human or a wolf as well but to have a human mate is rare. Most wolves after meeting their mate, they mark them"

"With what?"

Damon stood up and walked towards me. He sat right beside me, touched my cheek before pushing my hair back to reveal my neck.

He kissed my neck lightly, placed his tongue on the spot before biting and s***ing. A loud moan escaped my mouth and I quickly used my hand to cover my mouth.

Damon removed my hand with his other hand while he was still doing things to my neck.

"When I do things to you, I want to hear your moans" he whispered into my ear before kissing it softly.

"We mark our mates by biting with our teeth to leave our marks on them. It's a way of claiming them as ours and as only ours"

"Teeth,?" I was scared.

"Yes, teeth. I'll love to mark you here when it's the right time" he replied, eyes searching mine. He kissed the spot he has mentioned over again.

"What if I don't want to be bitten? What will happen?" I asked.

"My wolf might take charge of my body and mark you by himself. It would be more painful compared to my bite"

"Your wolf?"

He nodded.

"You don't have to be scared of anything. Everything between us is according to your timetable here, no pressure, okay?" I nodded.

"No pressure" He repeated.

"Do you have any other questions?"

I bit my lip, trying to recollect the strange things that have happened around here and see if I have any questions about any of it.

A light suddenly turned up in my head but his growling stopped my thoughts.

"Stop biting your lips," He growled.

"You sure have a lot of rules," I replied.

He crashed his lips into mine, kissing me senseless. I ran my hand through his hair and before I could say flapjack, he removed his shirt from my body, leaving me exposed.

I quickly closed my hand against my chest, keeping my n***** safe. He took a hold of my hand and pulled it above my head as I lay on the bed, in his mercy.

"You're beautiful" he whispered, his gaze focused on my breast. He kissed me back but faster this time and when I gave him entrance to my mouth, he took his time to explore my tongue, making me feel things I'd never felt before.

His hands fondled with my breast before moving to cup my a**. A swift move and he tore my shorts.

I gasped dramatically "That's my favorite one,"

"I've been jealous of it for a while,"

I laughed at his confession and he smiled back at me, revealing his dimple. I prefer this Damon than the regular Damon who's always walking around with a scowl on his face.

"I didn't know you had a dimple," I touched his cheek before lifting my body slightly from the bed to reach and kiss his dimple.

His head rested at the crook of my neck and a hand wrapped tightly around my waist before I could lie back properly on the bed.

"Damon, what are you doing?" I asked. I could feel his hot breath on my neck. He was breathing fast, making my chest slam against my rib at a fast pace.

I was confused, nervous and scared of his next action.

"Damon!" I called out again but didn't get a response this time around as well.

He licked his spot on my neck; the same spot he'd promised he'll mark me once I was ready. He grazed it with his teeth and at some point, I felt his teeth sink into my skin before he removed it.

"Damon, stop, please" I struggled to remove myself from him but I couldn't. He was holding on tight. Too tight.

Suddenly, he lifted up his head and once our eyes met, I knew his wolf had taken charge. His eyes were red and not the regular deep blue color.

"Damon," I called out slowly.

"Not him," This time, I heard the voice in my head.

Suddenly, his hold on me tightened and before I could say a word, he bit hard into my skin. A scream erupted from my mouth due to the pain.

I trashed around in his hand as I felt my body jerk uncontrollably until my breathing became slow. I struggled to keep breathing but at some point, I couldn't breathe anymore.

Suddenly, my eyes opened to darkness. Damon was no more on the bed, I was alone in the room.

"Nimai," A voice called out.

"Damon," I screamed as the darkness keeps on getting darker and stronger, suffocating me.

"Nimai, Control the darkness," The voice yelled out.

"Control it! Control it!!" The strange voice chanted over and over again.

I held my head as the fear of the dark and being alone got to me. Tears ran down my face and I closed my eyes in frustration.

A ray of light appeared in front of my eyes and I heard that voice again, "Touch the light, Nimai,"

"Touch it, Now" it screamed this time..

As I stretched out my hand to touch the bulb, a burst of light charged out from inside me, lightning up every part of me and when I opened my eyes back, I was in front of a house, where a younger version of me was playing with a little boy.

"Ni," The little boy called out

The younger me called out, waving and smiling at the boy

"Go! Go!! Damon"

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/ [Damon by Alphabetical B](#)

Damon's POV

"s***! s***!!" I cursed out repeatedly as I felt Lyla's limp body cold and pale in my arms. I didn't mean to mark her without her consent but the moment she bared her neck to me, my wolf took over.

It mistook her action for her submission and marked her without thinking twice.

"Lyla," I held her face close, calling out to her as I've been doing. I put the shirt on her, covering up her nakedness before anyone gets here.

"What the hell happened, Alpha?" Tunde barged into the room with Ashley and Dean right behind him. I'd mind linked him immediately it happened and also instructed him to come along with Dean

"You marked her by force! For goodness's sake" Dean yelled as soon as he sighted the huge mark that was a bit swollen on her neck.

"It was a mistake," I responded, growling at him. I was his Alpha, he has no right to speak to me that way.

"Forgive me, Alpha." He bowed his head in submission before going on to check Lyla further. Ashley was already on the other side of the bed, holding Lyla's hand and looking at her worriedly.

Tunde pulled me aside and asked, "What happened, Damon?"

"I do not know. My wolf took control of me and the next thing I know was her going limp in my hands"

Tunde looked confused for a while.

"Marking her shouldn't have led to this. Yes, she's human but she's not the first human to be marked by a wolf"

"Maybe the force triggered something. This is behind ordinary fainting. She's running temperature and her lips are having this weird discoloration" Dean interrupted, still examining her.

"What do you mean?"

"I think we should invite Gamma Raul into this. He was the pack's doctor for over twenty years before I took over. He might understand better than I do"

"You're f***ing speaking in parables, Dean. What is wrong with my mate? Why do I need to invite that loser even after all he did?" I screamed at him.

"She is unconscious. She's in a state of trance. She might be here physically but at the same time, she's not"

"Could she be a wolf?" Ashley asked, interrupting the long silence.

"Gamma Raul would be able to answer that. If you want, I could go with you" Dean suggested.

"No! You'll stay back here and make sure nothing happens to my mate. Tunde will go with me" I pointed at my Beta who looked a little bit uncomfortable with my demand but was smart enough to cover up his expression.

"Where does he live?"

"About a mile away from here. He isolated himself after what happened and since then, he has been living alone in a cabin closer to the mountains" Dean explained. I could see Tunde looking at him sus***iously.

"And you know all of these, because?" Tunde finally asked.

"I didn't have a choice, I had to keep in touch with him. I needed guidance, counseling, and someone to teach me the right things at some point"

I hissed at his nonsense excuse for seeing that loser gamma.

"You're nothing but a betrayer, Dean"

He shook his head furiously, "Are you also betraying yourself by trying to get his help now?" He growled at me.

I took a hold of his collar and slammed him into the wall, ready to slash his throat. Ashley's scream stopped me from hurting him any further.

"Stop fighting like boys for Christ's sake. There's a girl here who needs your help, you can't start acting like a teenager when someone's life is on the line"

I was breathing heavily, my nose flared up in anger. I moved closer to Lyla and touched her forehead, she was sweating and running a temperature.

"D," she suddenly whispered out. "D," she repeated. I held her hand tightly, kissed her forehead, and whispered into her ears even though I knew she wouldn't hear me.

"I promise I'll make you better, Bunny. I promise" I kissed her forehead once more before standing up.

"Take care of her or I might end up killing you for real this time" I threatened Dean as I walked away from the room with Tunde behind me.

We got into the car, ready to drive a mile through the night.

"Dean sent the GPS already," Tunde announced as he entered the GPS. A few seconds after that, we drove off.

The night was cold, the pale crescent moon shone like a silvery claw in the night sky. We could hear the birds sing as we drove by, some wolves on patrol at the border saluted after recognizing the both of us at the border before they allowed us to drive out of the border.

"You're being ridiculously silent, Tunde. Say what's on your mind?"

Tunde is never the type to stay silent for that long.

"Is that your way of asking if I'm okay?"

I glared at him.

"No, Beta" I ignored his pressing look and looked out through the window as Tunde drove.

"You gotta be extra careful with her, Alpha. She's fragile. Don't end up hurting her and doing something you'll regret" I knew he was referring to Lyla but I refuse to give him a response.

I couldn't possibly hurt Lyla for any reason. She's my mate.

"Do you love her?" He suddenly asked.

"Who?"

His jaw dropped open at my question.

"Your mate, Lyla"

"No, I don't love her. She's my mate and that's all that matters"

"You're hopeless, Alpha"

"Not as hopeless as you are. Why did you let her go?" I asked about his mate. I hadn't expected Tunde to let go of his mate so easily when he'd attempted to murder me after I stopped him from marking her instantly he saw her.

"I didn't. I never let her go for once" he replied, smiling brightly at me.

"What?" I asked confusingly

He didn't answer but rather started humming and smirking at me.

When we finally located the house, it was a few minutes past nine. The dark roads leading to the house were covered with tree debris. The house looked isolated as if no one has lived there for decades.

"Gamma Raul," Tunde called out and knocked twice.

"Who are you?" A deep, old voice asked from the other side of the door. I folded my hands against my chest and leaned against the pillar located outside the old building.

"I'm Beta Tunde, Beta of the White Angel pack. We need your medical advice with something and we hope you could help us out" Tunde pleaded

The man went silent for a while after that.

"I'm sorry but I have no help to offer you"

I growled in anger and before I could move from my spot to break the door down, Tunde grabbed me and pushed me back.

"No violence, Damon. If you want Lyla to be safe, use your head" He bellowed at me.

"I wasn't going to hurt him. Maybe break down that door, yes, but I swore on my mother and promised her that his blood wouldn't stain my hand as long as I live" I yelled back.

"Damon, is that you?" The old voice asked from the other side. His words held so much guilty weight and regret. I knew it was years ago that it happened but never had I imagined myself ever forgive him for what he did.

From when he turned his back to my mother when she needed him the most to the moment when he dropped the scalpel and refused to save her, I've always been controlling my anger and not beat him up to a pulp.

This time also, I swallowed hard before responding.

"Yes uncle, it's me, Damon. Your sister's son"

I spat with so much anger and hatred as my mouth tasted bitter from calling him the name "uncle".

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/ [Damon by Alphabetical B](#)

Damon's POV

The next thing we heard was the creaking of the wooden door. Raul opened the door wide enough for the two of us to enter while he himself slowly appeared in front of us.

"We won't be going in," I announced, stopping Tunde on his tracks. He turned to look at me questionably.

"It's cold outside, Damon. My house might not be presentable enough but it's still warm" Raul answered.

"It's not my business, Raul. I'll rather freeze to death than stay in the same space as you. Moreover, werewolves don't freeze" I corrected.

I scrutinized him and pity was the only feeling I could get out of my cold heart. He looked so pitiful it satisfied my anger towards him.

"In that case, we'll have the discussion out here. We need your help with a girl, Damon's mate to be precise. She's unconscious and that happened after Damon marked her. Dean suggested we bring you over to the pack house" Tunde explained, with his hands stuck in his pocket.

"I- I'm sorry to hear that, Damon but I can't go back to the pack house" He said, holding on to the side of his door.

I knew he was going to deny me the help that I needed.

"Why? A girl's life is on the line here" Tunde's voice was getting higher, a sign that he was getting angry.

"I swore to myself and the goddess never to return to that place. Not after everything that I did. I'm sorry, Damon" He apologized.

I smirked.

"I still can't believe I came over here to look for you, Raul. It's been years and you haven't changed from being a selfish, Pathetic, old fool that you are. You stood and watched seven years ago when my mother was dying and did nothing and this time around, you're just going to do nothing as usual. You're unbelievable evil, Raul"

I angrily marched off from the scene. I knew if I waited any minute, I'd be going against my mother's wish by slamming his face into a wall.

Angrily, I opened the car's door and sat in, waiting for Tunde.

"Better get your a** in here or I'll drive back to the pack's house and make your a** walk that mile back home" I yelled at Tunde through the mind link.

"I'll soon be there, Alpha" he replied.

I looked out through the car's window and saw an exchange going on between Raul and Tunde.

Tunde collected whatever it was that he gave him and walked towards the car.

"He gave me this. He asked what Dean's diagnosis was and I explained to him, so he gave me this herb and asked for us to put it on the bite, it'll erase it off"

I lost my temper.

"Are you both insane?, erase my mark from my mate" My wolf was already at the surface acting protectively.

"Calm down, loser. Sorry, Alpha" I glared at him. He continued, "This herb will help to erase the mark, and that way, you'll mark her again but this time by yourself"

"Did he explain whatever could have caused her condition?"

"Not really. He only murmured something about secrets or so. I didn't pay attention" he shrugged.

For a second, I contemplated something.

"Don't even think of doing that, Damon. We need to get back to your mate. We don't have the time to beat up an old man so he could spill out secrets not important to us"

That was exactly what I was contemplating.

"How come you know me so well? I'm not thinking of punching words out of him now but maybe someday"

He lured me and I smirked at him.

Tunde turned back to the road and kept on driving till we got to the pack house. He didn't even stop when one of the patrol teams tried stopping us.

Before the car could stop properly in front of the packhouse, I opened the door in a haste and dashed straight for the elevator.

When I ran into my room, Dean and Ashley were still in there. A wet cloth has already been placed on Lyla's head, trying to slow down her temperature. She was sweating profusely. Her lips had turned blue and her skin was so white I could see her veins.

My heart tugged at seeing my woman like this. I held her hand tightly and didn't know how sad I felt until a lone tear slipped out of my eyes.

I didn't bother cleaning it, it doesn't matter.

"Where's Raul?" Dean asked.

"He won't be coming but he gave us something" Tunde brought out the herb he's given to us. I collected it from him and opened the bottle to realize it was a mixture of mashed leaves.

I poured some into my hand and dabbed it on the bleeding mark that was on her neck. Almost immediately, Lyla was shaking, as the mark burned, her teeth were chattering and I had to hold her tightly to avoid her dropping from the bed.

Two minutes after, she stopped shaking. I removed my body from hers and watched as the bleeding wound closed off and her skin returned back to normal as if it had never been marked.

"What next?" Dean asked. "Is that all?"

"I'll have to mark her again," I answered.

"That's b*****. The first time you marked her, this happened and now you have to do it all over again" Ashley spat.

"Tunde! Control this witch you call a sister" I growled.

"Let's give them privacy, Dean. Be careful this time, Damon" I nodded at Tunde. He went on to drag Ashley out and Dean walked out, closing the door tightly.

I kissed Lyla's hand and her forehead before lifting her head slightly. I closed my eyes, not ready to hurt my woman anymore.

"Please, let this work" I prayed to the goddess for the first time in my life. I never believed in her or in her power, rules or b***** that she has over us but this time, I needed it.

"Please, let her come back to me" I repeated.

I bent down and kissed her neck repeatedly before sinking my teeth right into my neck with my eyes closed. There was no movement from her. She was still as a log. I removed my teeth after I'd marked her and looked at her closely.

Minutes later, a cold breeze blew into the room and I stood up to close up my window only for me to see fireflies coming into the room one after the other, in hundreds. They stopped around Lyla's body. Dancing all around her, with their little lights.

Not once in my lifetime have I seen a sight as crazy and beautiful at the same time as this.

"You need to see this," I mindlinked my Beta.

Tunde walked in seconds later with Dean.

"They're healing her," Dean announced, smiling brightly. "I've read about this once but I never thought it could be possible"

"How's that possible?"

"I do not understand but it's either she's a fae or a phoenix, that's only when it's possible"

"What? Lyla is human, hundred percent human. Moreover, Fae and Phoenixes had been extinct for centuries." I replied.

"I'll do my research but it's possible she could be one of those" Dean answered before walking out of the room.

"Come on, let's get out of here. Let the little buddies do their healing job"

"I can't. I have to stay here with her" I refused to leave as Tunde suggested.

"I think you might want to leave after learning that your brother, Devante, is back and already f***ing a mated wolf in his room. News flash, a male mated wolf"

"Does he want to die untimely? I do not need his drama at this time"

"We have to go there. The wolf's mate is about to murder him and the people are gathering there already" Tunde explained and I groaned.

"Where's Ashley? Please mindlink her and tell her to come to her as fast as possible. I'll only leave once she's here"

I went over to Lyla and touched her temperature. She was no longer sweating and her lips color were returning back to normal.

"Thank you," I whispered to the fireflies who glowed majestically as soon as I said those words.

"She said you should use the magic word"

Tunde informed me and I groaned.

"Please," I said through the mindlink.

"Fine, Alpha. I'm doing this for Lyla, not you"

Within minutes, Ashley was back in the room while I sort out my w**** of a brother.

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 28

[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)

Damon's POV

"Devante!" I yelled before landing my hard fist on his pretty face. He cursed out as his body hit the floor in a heavy thud.

"What the f***?" He groaned, checking out his busted lip.

"What the f***?! You can curse at me right now, Devante, what is wrong with you? What the hell is all this?"

I wasn't really in the mood to address the crowd of werewolves that were already gathered, watching my brother make a damn fool out of himself.

Devante grew up being spoiled, he just wasn't the right person I'll choose for a brother if I had a choice but sometimes, we don't always get what we want from life.

"My face,"

Tunde snickered from behind me as Devante groaned.

"When did you get back?" I asked angrily.

"This morning, a few hours before the ritual" He answered, glaring at me. I composed myself before turning back to the crowd, disappointed at the fact that my first duty as their Alpha is this.

"Everyone, I'll want us all to get back to our quarters and get some good rest. We'll address this issue by morning. I'm sorry for any inconveniences my stupid brother had caused you" I apologized and watched as they all walked away one by one, looking at Devante with disgust.

"Why the f*** are you back?" I growled as soon as I turned back to face him. He had already gotten in front of the mirror, checking his face out and applying some ointment on the wound.

"I thought you wouldn't be able to control this pack alone since you've avoided doing that for years, so I'm back to help you out," He said, grinning from ear to ear with his hands stretched out waiting for a hug from me.

"Help me out by f***ing a mated male wolf" I yelled.

"It was just a small thing, I don't know why his mate would make a big deal out of it. It was just safe s** with a random guy out of nowhere. No big deal. I didn't even know he was mated" he raised his hands, making a quote in the air.

"You're gay! since when?" Tunde asked the question I'm mostly uninterested in. I don't care if he's gay or straight, I just want to know why he had to do what he did.

He smiled widely at Tunde, not giving him a direct answer.

"What happened at Harvard?"

I asked, trying to control my anger when he finally opens his useless mouth to talk about it.

Devante didn't grow up with the family, he was my mother's sister's favorite and was always switching between theirs and ours. She's the Alpha king's wife. He had lived with my aunt fully after he had his first transition and from there, he got an admission to Harvard University to study Philosophy. The last time I saw him was when he was thirteen and that was seven years ago.

"Nothing happened big bro. I just decided to come to help you out a little"

I folded my hands against my chest and waited for him to start talking.

"As if I don't know you. You're gonna talk or you'll make me make you talk, Devante, it's your choice"

His mouth dropped open. He clicked his tongue twice.

"You won't beat your younger brother up to hear words from him, would you Damon? I never knew you were that evil"

He replied dramatically. He was trying to divert my attention to something else.

“We do that almost all the time, Devante. We beat people up seriously, sometimes their legs or arms get broken in the process and if they get so unlucky, they get slashed by Damon’s claw and you know how toxic that is to a werewolf’s skin”

Tunde replied nonchalantly, trying to get under Devante’s skin so he could talk.

“You both are scaring me right now. Nothing big happened, it was just a little issue that needed me to get out of campus for a little while. I’ll fix it in a matter of two months” he replied, shrugging his shoulder.

“You got suspended?” I barked

He looked from Tunde to me.

“Not suspension, more like I got rusticated” he replied, clicking his tongue.

Angrily, I lunged at him, ready to punch some sense into his empty head. Devante might be intelligent and smart but yes dumb and stupid most times. Tunde blocked the impact with his body and pushed me back, away from the fool I wanted to beat up.

“That’s enough, Damon. You can’t hit your brother” he said, still holding my shoulder tightly.

“What happened? Why did you get rusticated?” I asked, screaming at him.

“You don’t want to know Bro. I think one crazy piece of information is enough for one night” he replied, smirking.

I just want to beat that smirk off his face and punch him so hard he’ll hardly survive it.

“Calm down, Damon” I pushed Tunde off lightly and ran my hands through my hair.

“I’ll let you stay only on one condition, you’ll make no trouble whatsoever the situation is. The moment you go back on that promise, I wouldn’t hesitate to throw you out of my pack. Are we clear, Devante?” I yelled, using my Alpha’s force on him.

“Alpha” he replied, bowing his head slightly.

“Promise?”

"I promise," He waited for a few seconds before asking, "Where's father? I haven't seen him since I got back"

"He left" I replied simply and walked out of his room

"To where?" He asked as he followed closely behind.

"I do not have an answer for your question, Devante"

"What do you mean you don't have an answer? What the hell did you do to him?"

He pulled me back forcefully by the shoulder and before he could think about doing anything else, I grabbed him by his neck and hauled him up against the wall.

"Just because you were protected against somethings that happened here by sending you off to the Alpha king's palace doesn't mean you should be stupid, Devante. The next time you question me, I'll forget the fact that you're my brother for a minute and make sure I bury you alive myself,"

"P-please, I can't breathe Damon" he struggled to remove my hand that was wrapped tightly around his neck.

Damon, she's awake Ashley informed me through the mind link. I dropped Devante's body almost immediately.

"You're just like him, you know. Our father.! You're him" Devante spat. I ignored his talk and ran as fast as my legs could carry me to the apartment to see Lyla, my Lyla.

As I opened the door leading to my room, I saw Lyla sitting on the bed. She was looking at Ashley as she walked towards me as soon as I entered.

"Be careful with her" Ashley touched my arm before walking out. I nodded at her and thanked her as well.

"Hey," I whispered and kissed her hair as I got to her.

"Hi," she responded weakly.

"I'm sorry. I never meant to hurt you, it was a mistake"

"It was your wolf, right?"

"No, it was me, Lyla. I need to take the blame for this. I know you might never forgive me but please don't hate me for too long," I pleaded.

She suddenly started crying.

“Hey! Hey! Why are you crying?” I lifted her by her chin and looked into her green eyes.

I lifted her into my lap and rocked her back and forth, pacifying her. I kissed her temple, her face, her nose, her tears before dropping my lips on hers.

I thought she was going to push me away but she kissed me as intensely as she could. I removed my lips from hers seconds later.

“What happened, Lyla?” I asked her.

“I need to go home, Damon. I want to go home, please”

It was as if a cord was struck in my heart. Nothing made sense all of a sudden.

“Is it because of what happened? Do you hate me? Are you scared of me?” She was silent. She didn’t give me an answer.

“Please” was the only word she whispered. Suddenly, I was scared of letting her go as well as being scared of not letting her go.

“When do you want to leave?” I asked her

“As soon as possible”

I pulled her closer to my body, hugged her tightly, and kissed her temple.

“Okay! You’ll go home but that’ll be after you’ve much better, all right?” She nodded.

I purposely said that because I hoped before then, she’ll change her mind.

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 29

[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)
Lyla’s POV

My eyes slightly opened as I felt a light kiss on my shoulder. Unconsciously, I moaned as it doubled, tripled until I lost count. I turned to face Damon staring at me deeply.

I’d slept off in his arms as soon as I stopped crying in the early hours of the morning. I know he might hate me for deciding on going back home but I have to, it is important.

I needed clarification about what I saw in my dreams last night. I need answers. Why can't I remember those events even when my dreams were so real? It felt familiar.

"Hey," I whispered before kissing his cold nose. He laughed and pulled me more into him.

"Sorry I made you sleep in. I know you have a lot to do and I shouldn't have made you sleep late" I apologized and he frowned.

"You did nothing wrong, Lyla, I didn't sleep a wink at all. If I'd wanted to stand up early to do something else, I would've done that. This isn't your fault" he said, kissing my shoulder lightly.

I could feel the effect of his kisses, touches in between my legs and I closed them tightly to stop the feeling.

"I'm sorry about what I said yesterday,"

"What's that?"

He took my hand and intertwined it with his as he kept on observing our fingers, kissing mine repeatedly.

"I feel like I should explain to you why I want to go home. I feel it's unfair to you to just decide to leave like...."

He didn't let me finish my words before he dropped his lips on mine, crushing us together.

I loved how I felt in his arms. I didn't know when I kissed him back as softly as possible. I didn't want him to rush it and he got the message as he kissed me just as softly and intensely.

"Do you feel that?" He asked as he ran his finger across my arm up to my shoulder. He was asking about the goosebumps that ran through my hand as he touched me and every time he does.

"Yes," I whispered back, unable to find my voice.

He kissed me back and this time it wasn't as slow as the last time though passionate. I kissed him back, also not ready to let go.

I don't understand this new feeling but I know I want to stay in his arms forever and never leave, but I have to leave, I have to get answers to these questions in my head.

Damon's hand cupping my breasts drew me out of my thoughts as I moaned out of the sudden contacts. He was fondling my b***s underneath the shirt that I was wearing.

He suddenly stopped kissing me and looked at me, waiting for me to say something.

"Can I?" He asked gently, holding the hem of the shirt. I nodded and within a second, He removed the shirt from my body, exposing me to the cold breeze.

He shifted so he was lying on me, my back against the bed. His body warmth envelopes me before I could shiver from the cold.

Pa**ionately, he looked into my eyes before kissing my temple, down to my nose, my lips, and then to my neck. He kept on kissing his mark over and over again.

"Will I become like you?" I asked, because of the mark.

"That's what is supposed to happen usually but with you, I think it's different, you could be something else,"

"Like wh.." He kissed one of my n****s, cut my words off, s***ed it, and released it in pop. I moaned his name loudly.

"Not yet sure about what you are. We're still looking into that" he said, before bending his head to take the second n***** in his mouth.

As he was biting, s***ing, and kissing, I wriggled and moaned as my s** got damped with wetness. A sign that what he was doing was messing me up.

"D," I moaned his name.

"Do you want me to stop?" He suddenly asked as he moved to my stomach, kissing my navel.

"No" I replied silently, not loud enough for him to hear.

"I can't hear you Bunny,"

"No, don't stop" I moaned out, loud enough this time.

"Good girl,"

He held onto my pants for what seemed like seconds and when I looked down, he was staring at me intensely, waiting for my permission before he did.

I nodded, smiling sheepishly.

He removed the p***** in a second and went on to remove his trousers and his underwear. My eyes went wide immediately his d*** sprang up.

"Don't be surprised baby, what did you expect? It has to match with my huge size, shouldn't it?" I smiled nervously.

"I won't hurt you, I promise" he replied, kissing my forehead.

His promise made me relax a little and I settled back into bed, obviously unaware of what I was supposed to do.

"Damon," I moaned softly as he kissed the wet spot between my legs before his tongue met with the most sensitive pink bud right there. He ran his tongue down my wet folds and I closed my eyes tightly. I buckled my a** up and Damon held my thighs to hold me down.

"I can't take it, Damon, it's too much" I screamed out as the effect of his acts was running me wild. I could feel a built-up right underneath my stomach. I held onto Damon's hair and stars appeared before my eyes.

"f***, D" The o***** built up ripped out of me in a second, and for minutes, I tried to rock myself through the powerful o***** so I could come back alive.

"Did you like that?" He asked, kissing me gently. Out of embarra**ment, I nodded.

I was blushing hotly.

"Don't get shy with me now, Bunny. I've got you"

He positioned himself right at my center. He slipped into me gently, obviously trying to be careful and not hurt me. For the first time, I felt so different in a good way.

Damon increased his pace and I couldn't stop moaning his name loudly scared at some point that the whole building would hear me screaming.

I felt the build-up again underneath my stomach and I didn't stop myself from feeling that way the second time. It was the greatest feeling. Damon kissed me as he groaned, emptying himself into me almost the same time I climaxed.

"I think I got myself a screamer," he joked. I smiled at my embarra**ment.

He picked me up bridal style and walked us into the bathroom before he gave me a thorough bath. By the time we returned to the room, I was already exhausted and it didn't take long before I closed my eyes and slept off.

My eyelids flew open as I felt something or someone poking me. I glared at Ashley as she came into my line of vision, smiling evilly at me.

"You've been sleeping for hours and I thought I should wake you up even though Damon threatened to kill me if I did. Promise me you won't tell him I did"

I stretched and covered my nakedness before the cover could slip off my body.

"Whatever Ashley" I groaned.

"Promise me Lyla or promise you won't let him kill me if you end up telling him I woke you up" she joined her hands together and made funny faces at me.

I laughed. "Okay, fine. I promise" I rolled my eyes at her silliness.

"Someone looks thoroughly mated even though she was at the brink of death a few hours ago"

"Mated?" I asked.

"Yeah! Mated. I mean thoroughly f***ed" I gasped at her word and threw the pillow at her.

"Get out!" She started laughing terribly.

"I couldn't let go of the fact that you smell like Damon now. Anyone could easily pass you for him if they focus only on the smell"

I tried perceiving my body aura to see if it was similar to that of Damon but I got nothing.

"I can't perceive anything" I shrugged sadly and stood up grudgingly from the bed.

Ashley suddenly pulled me back and held my hand "Don't worry, very soon, you'll start your transformation as well"

As she enveloped my hand in hers trying to pacify me, a vision suddenly came to me. I saw a forest right in front of me and I heard footsteps as if someone was running. As I looked around trying to understand where I was and where the footsteps were coming from, someone ran past me.

When I looked forward, it was the blonde hair that I saw first until the person turned and it was Ashley, a younger version of her, bruised and wild like an untamed animal.

"Lyla! Lyla!!" Ashley's voice pulled me out of my vision or was it just a thought?

"You spaced out just now. Is everything okay?" She said worriedly.

For a minute I was silent, trying to understand what I just saw.

"Yeah, Everything is fine, sorry I scared you" I removed my hand from hers and hurriedly left for the bathroom.

I opened the bathroom door as soon as I heard a knock.

"I got you a sundress"

"Thanks, Ashley," I collected the dress from her and wore it as quickly as possible.

"Are we going somewhere?" I asked as soon as I came out of the bathroom.

"Nope, we're joining everyone for dinner. They're all eager to meet their Luna"

Damon has already mentioned it to me but I just wasn't ready.

Instead of rejecting the offer, I nodded and followed her out of the room.

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 30

[/ Damon by Alphabetical B](#)
Lyla's POV

Even though my mind went back to the vision I had the other time, I decided to push it at the back of my mind and focus on what's at hand. I'll think about that issue later.

"Go sit with that big guy, he's been looking at you since you got in" She said, pointing to Damon. I smiled at her before walking towards Damon who was at the edge of the table.

"Hey," I smiled at him and he gave me this straight face. That look was something I wasn't expecting. I thought we've pa**ed that stage but then, I could've mistaken his actions for something else.

As soon as I pulled out a chair and sat on it, Damon held my hand tightly underneath the table. I wanted to let go, I tried removing my hand from his as tears laced my eyes but he held in tightly as if he was apologizing for what he did.

The moment he entwined our fingers, I couldn't see properly. Everywhere was suddenly dark. I stood up and looked around the dark room that I was, trying to find everyone.

All I heard was heavy breathing, and suddenly, the door opened. I turned to see Victor, Damon's father walked in with a smile on his face, he switched on the light

and at that moment. I saw Damon, a little younger, probably fourteen years old Damon.

He was t***** to a pillar, his face was mashed with tears as blood ran down his legs. He was breathing heavily and looked at his father murderously.

"I can see you survived, little monster. Your mother would be so proud of you, right now in heaven"

"Don't you dare bring my mother into your s***ty evil acts" Damon spat back.

Victor walked slowly towards him and punched his guts. Damon's face etched with pain and tears ran down my face. I stretched my hands toward him to help him, to tell him that everything was fine but the more I tried getting closer, the more I was pulled back.

"Bunny," Damon called out silently immediately and I got pulled out of the vision.

"Are you okay?" He asked. I nodded.

"Why are you crying?" He asked, worriedly.

"Nothing. I'm fine, I really need to go back to the room" I said and his grip on my hand became firm.

"The people want to meet you. I have to introduce you to them before you can leave" he said firmly.

"I'm not in the right condition to meet with anyone, Damon. I really need to go" I refused as tears rolled out of my eyes repeatedly.

"Stop scaring the poor girl, big brother," A hand dropped on my shoulder. The same pervert and flirt I saw the other day smiled at me as if I knew him from Mercury.

"Lyla, right?" I quickly cleaned up my face before nodding at him. I turned to look at Damon whose jaws were clenched so hard it could be hurting him. He was holding the edge of the table so hard, it could either break or end up hurting him.

I wanted to place my hand on his to calm him down but with what he did earlier, it's obvious that he's embarra**ed of me. Maybe because I'm not one of them.

"I'm Devante, I forgot to introduce myself the last time. I'm Damon's younger brother and it's an honor to meet such a beautiful green eyed lady like you. Your beauty is exceptional and I'm in awe of it"

My mouth hung open at his words and I quickly composed myself to stop blushing harder than I already was.

"I usually have that effect on women" He said, totally proud of himself. It was the first time someone would praise me that well, so I'm bound to blush.

"It's nice to meet you too,"

He stretched out his hands at me and for a minute, I didn't want to touch him. I was scared of finding out his darkest secrets as well.

"Come on, take my hand" he pushed. I looked at Damon for help but he was busy talking to Tunde who was whispering something into his ear.

I joined my hands with his and a little after that moment, I stopped breathing. I gasped loudly, trying to find air to breathe. I was enclosed in a small space and darkness lurks around me.

"Nimai, the light inside you wants to be free, Nimai" I heard the voice yelling at me continuously.

I removed my hand forcefully from Devante's hand and held my chest through the dress as I tried breathing. Tears ran out of my face and my vision became blurry even though I was fully aware of my environment.

I heard voices calling out my name frantically, above all those voices, Damon's was loudest. At some point, I felt myself falling to the ground but then Damon grabbed me and pulled me to himself, lifting me in his arms before running towards somewhere.

"Nimai, your light," The voice spoke gently and this time a chant rang out in my head.

"The light is the way of the Vidente, it brightens their path!"

Ashley's hand held mine and she began saying the chant with the voices in my head. A bubble of light surrounded us and the brightest one was at my hand.

Suddenly, a gust of wind rushed into my lungs and I breathed in fresh air and also, breathed it out. I sat up from the bed and looked around to see Damon, Devante, and Tunde looking at me in astonishment.

Ashley had a tiny smile on her face.

"What just happened?" I asked

"You had an epiphany, baby girl" Ashley tried.

"That was more than an epiphany, Ashley. Don't give the poor girl b*****," Tunde spat.

"She's a seer, a different kind of seer" Ashley explained. "My mother had only told me about them once. I never expected you to be one"

"How come? I thought that s*** was hereditary. She's human" Devante said at the top of his voice .

"Wait until she burns you or maybe do us all a favor by burning some senses into that empty brain of yours" Ashely spat back.

"I wasn't talking to you, wounded wolf,"

Ashely growled and lured towards Devante who was already baring his teeth at her.

Without thinking twice, Tunde grabbed both of them by their collars and threw them out of the room before walking out after them.

"What's a seer?" I asked

"A powerful being but I think yours is more powerful." he simply replied.

"I'm a seer" I said unbelievably. "That's total b***** and it's impossible, Damon"

"Did any of your parents exhibit any type of powers while growing up?"

"I don't know, Damon. They died a long time ago and the things I can remember about them are few" I confessed.

"They're your real parents, right?"

"I do not know anymore. I need to go home and ask Henry some questions" I said, referring to my previous dream.

"Can't you do that on the phone?"

"I shouldn't," I answered.

"When do you want to leave?"

"Tomorrow if it's okay by you"

He stood up from the bed and ran his hand through his hair.

“One of the bodyguards would go with you”

I was disappointed again. I expected him to go with me.

“I have an important Alpha’s meeting to attend tomorrow. I would’ve loved to go with you” he kissed me and nibbled on my lower lips.

“Be safe, Baby,”

“Baby,?”

“You’re mine Lyla, always remember that. No one is allowed to touch you like I do. Heck, they’re not even allowed to look at you twice or speak to you. You belong to me and me alone”

“Who do you belong to?” I asked him.

“Only yours, Lyla. Only yours” He kissed my forehead.

“I have a gift for you,” he brought out a crystal pendant from the back of his pocket and put it around my neck.

“It’s beautiful,” I instantly felt a connection to the pendant.

“It belonged to my mom” I held his face in my hand and kissed him softly.

“Thank you,” I whispered.

He stood up from the bed and removed his shirt. His tats were begging me to touch them.

“I also have a gift for you,” I said, giggling like a child as I was fully aware of the evil I was about to do.

“What?” He furrowed his eyebrow.

“When I held Devante’s hand, I saw something before his secrets engulfed me. Apart from the fact that he’s broken, he’s also mischievous, right?” I asked and he nodded.

“How broken is he?”

“I think enough to take my breath away” I joked.

“You can see the past”

I nodded " I think so, and the darkest secrets of a person" I whispered, trying not to give away that I saw his darkest secret already.

Before he could ask any questions further, I quickly gave him his gift,

"Devante had s** with another student in the school's auditorium thinking no one was there but unfortunately the entire school staff were there, watching with horror"

I replied, laughing my head off.

Almost immediately, Damon smiled before barging out of the room as I still couldn't contain my laughter.